

# THREE BLIND MICE

nursery rhyme  
coloring book



99¢



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# THREE BLIND. MICE

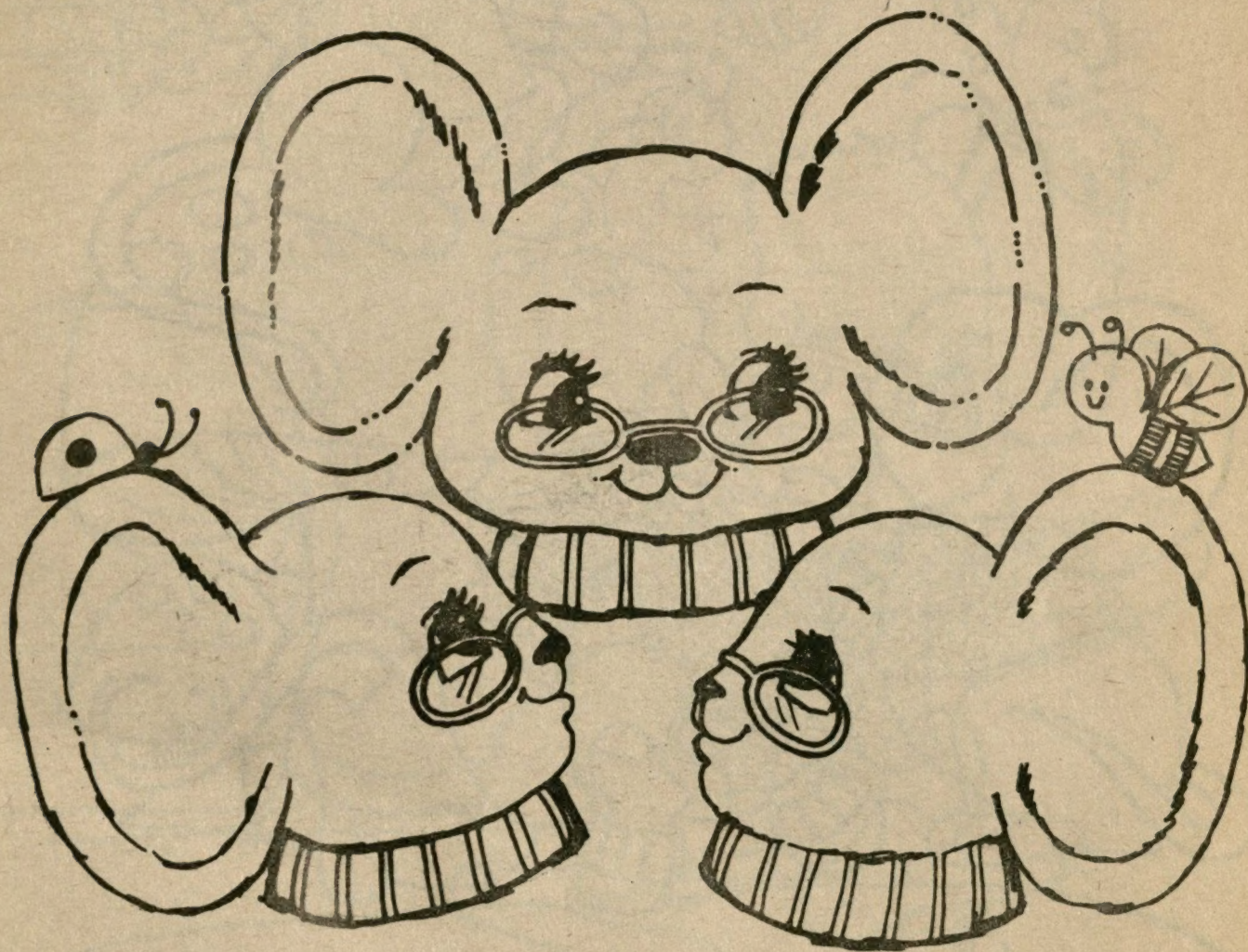
nursery rhyme  
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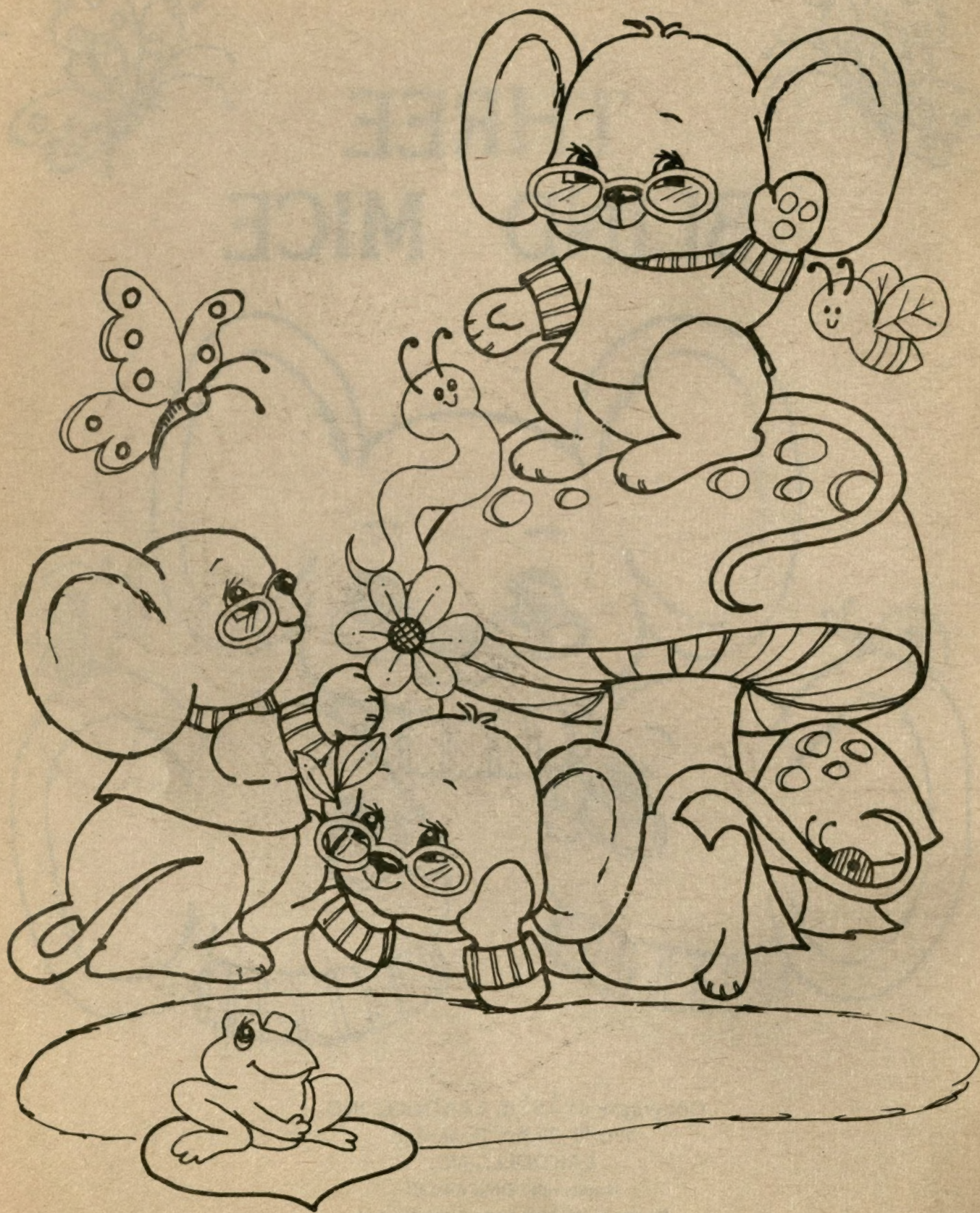


# THREE BLIND MICE

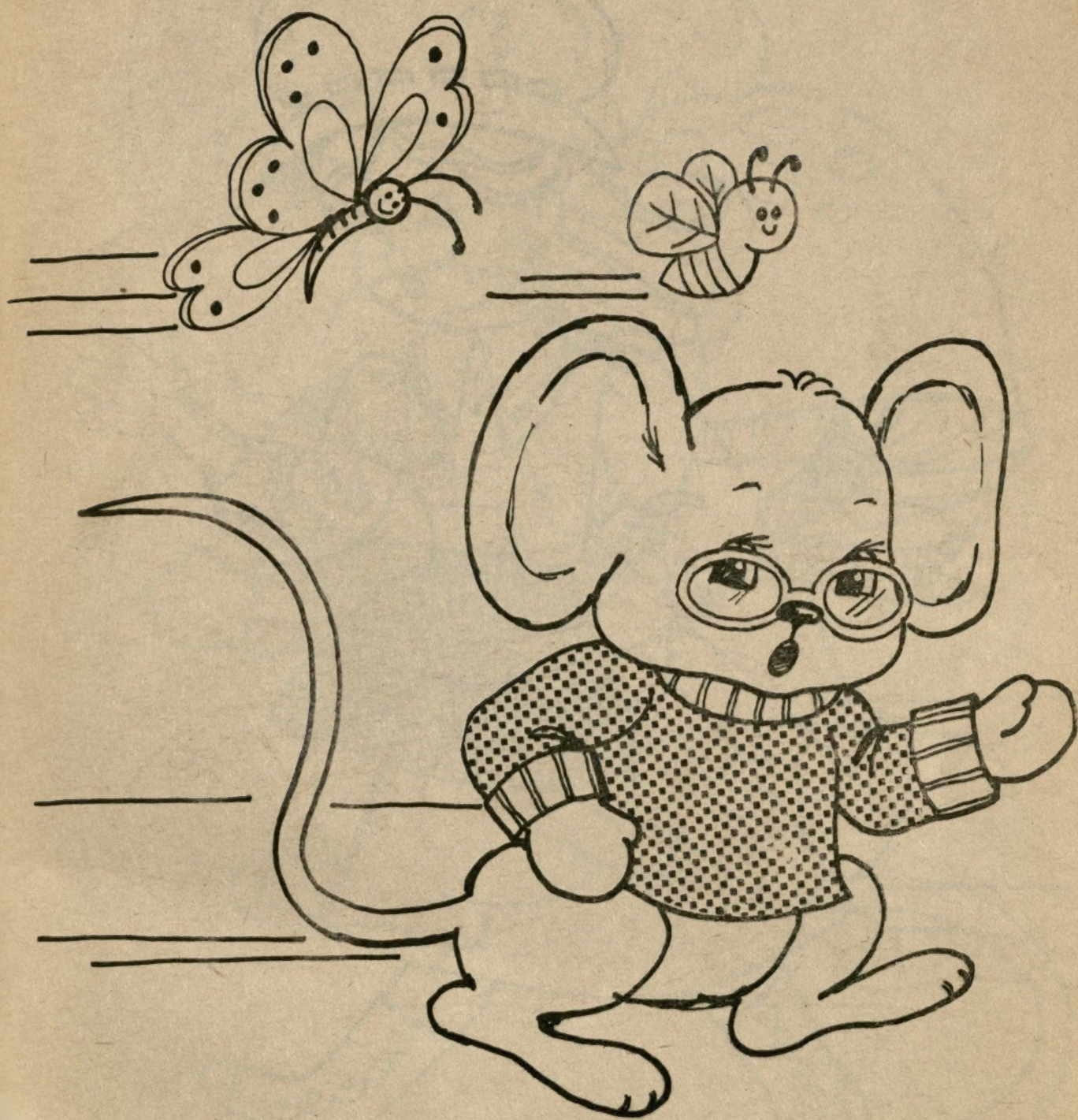


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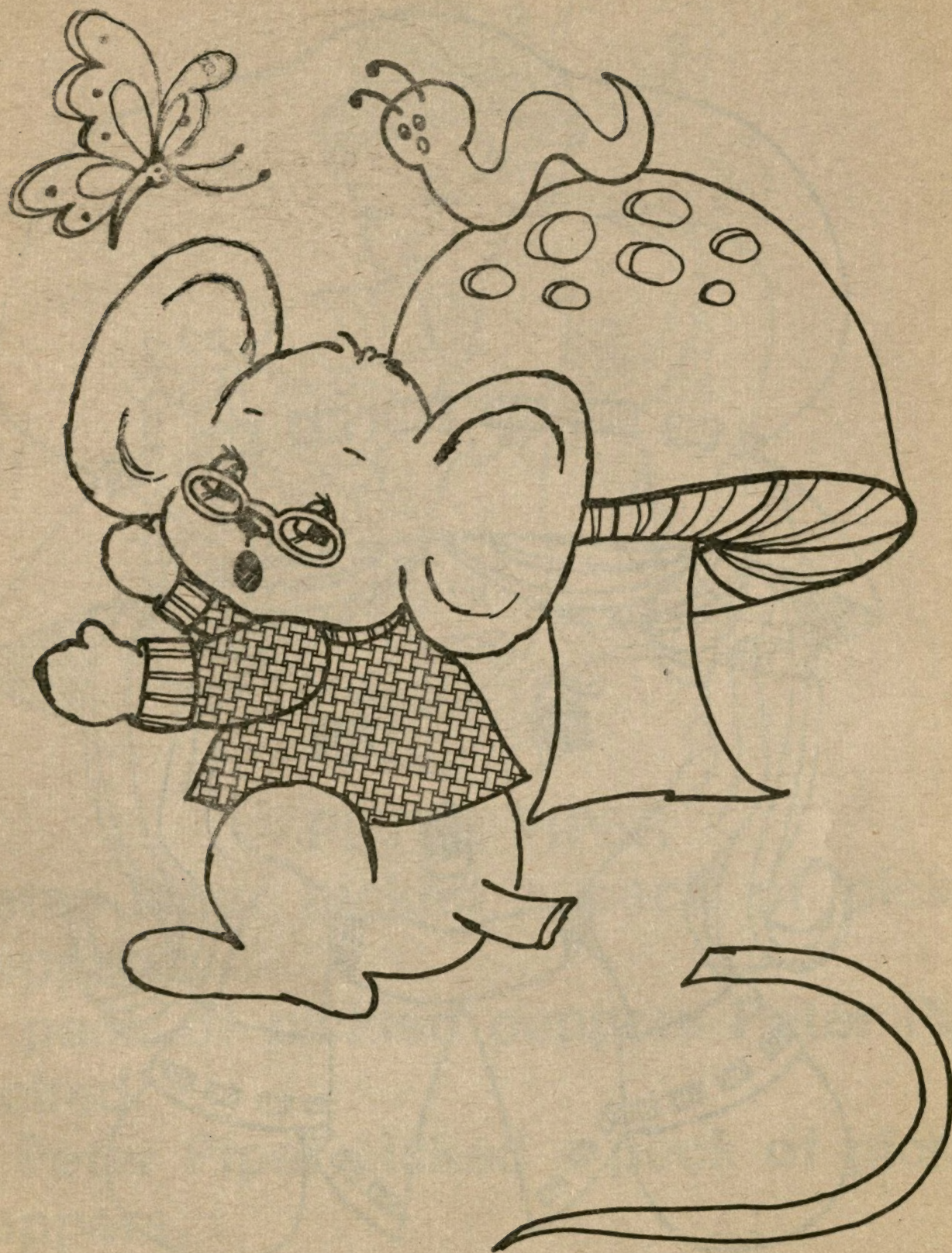
**Three blind mice!**



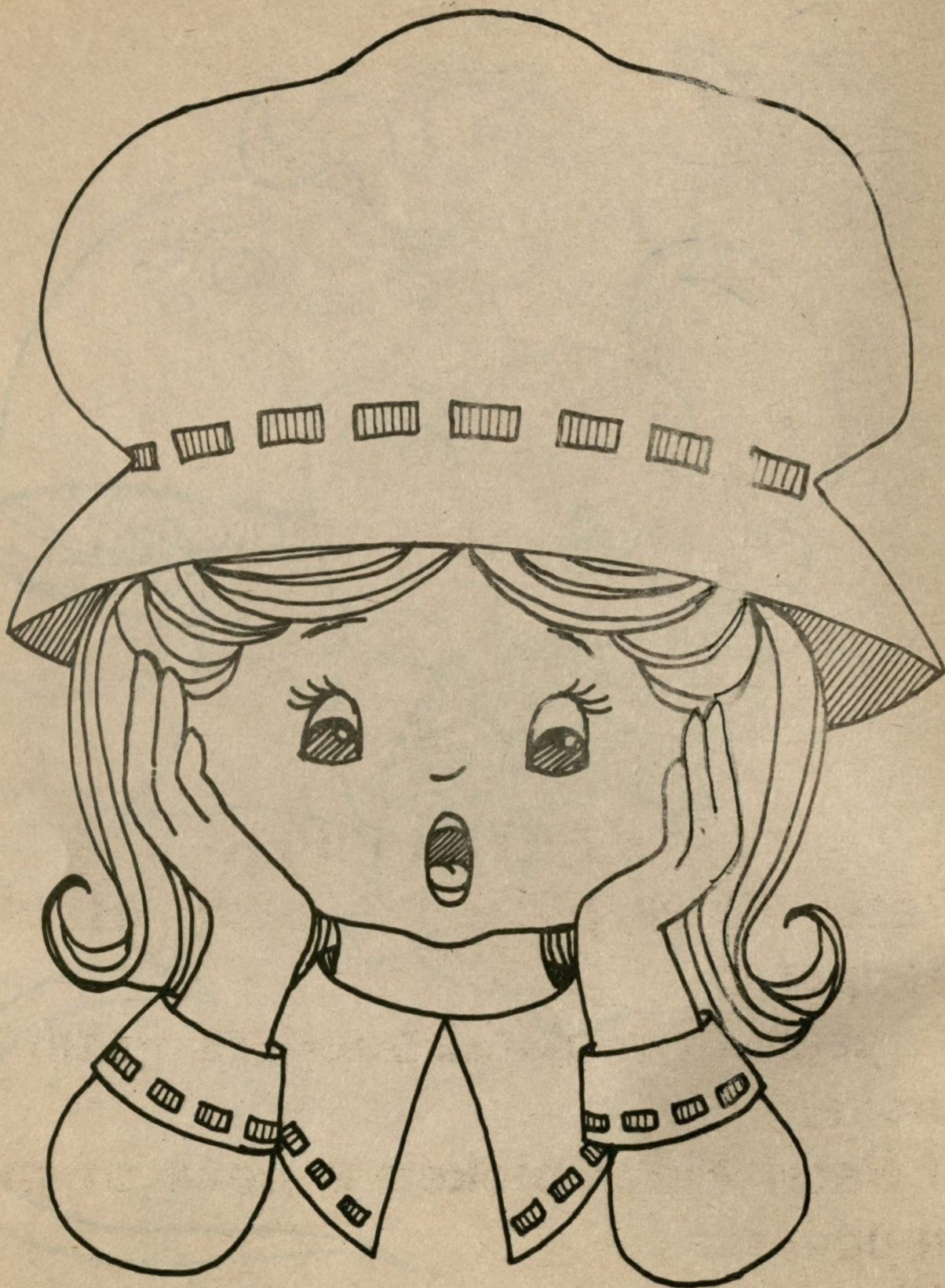
**See how they run!**



**They all ran after the farmer's wife,**



Who cut off their tails with a carving knife.



Did you ever see such a sight in your life  
as three blind mice?



## **PETER PIPER**

**Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;**

**A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.**

**If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,**

**Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?**

# THE BLACK HEN



Hickety, pickety, my black hen,



**She lays eggs for gentlemen;**

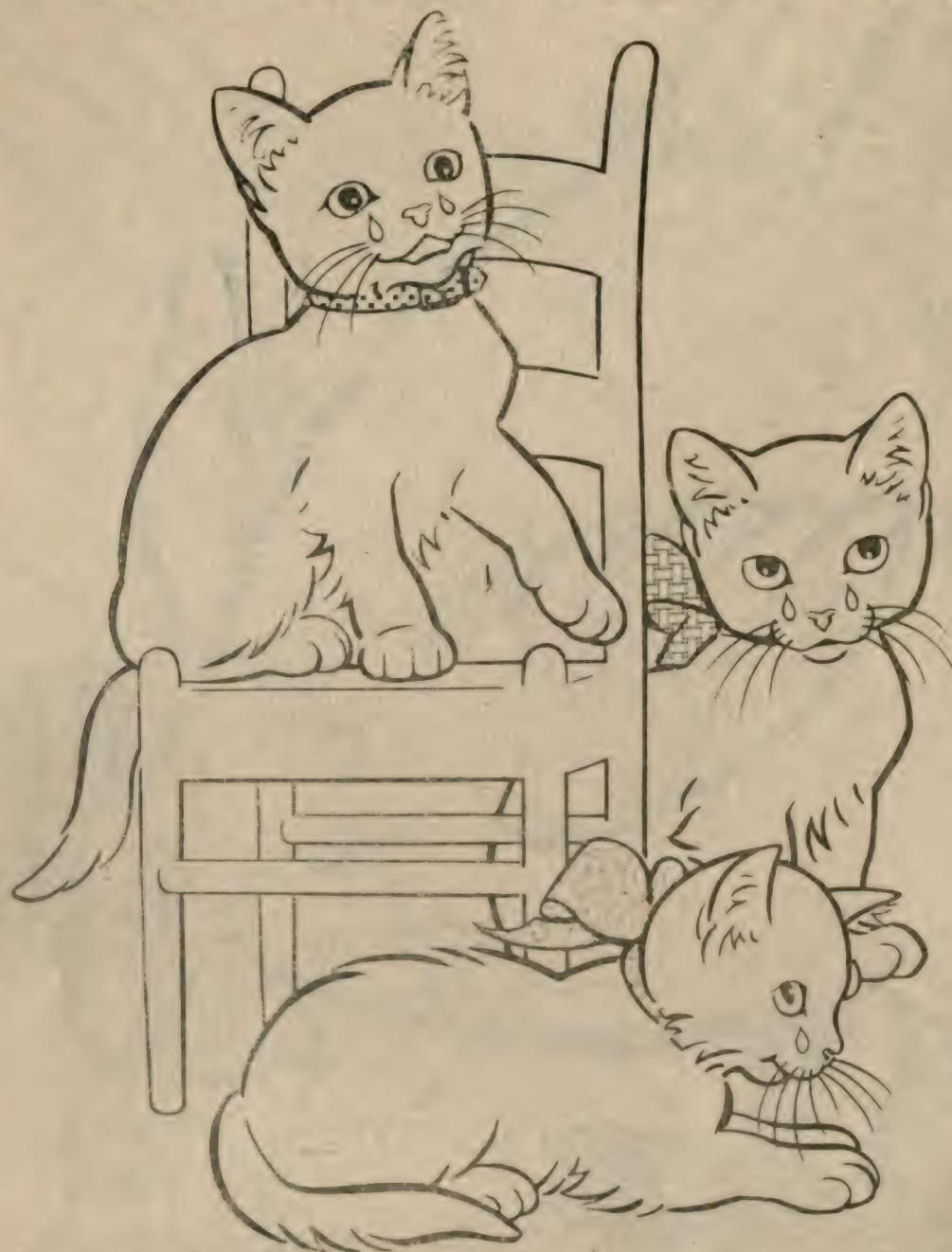


**Sometimes nine and sometimes ten.**



Hickety, pickety, my black hen

# THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS



Three little kittens they lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
Oh! mother dear,  
We very much fear,  
That we have lost our mittens.



**What! Lost your mittens, you naughty kittens,**

**Then you shall have no pie.**

**Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow,**

**Yes, you shall have no pie.**

**Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.**



**Three little kittens they found their  
mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
Oh! mother dear,  
See here, see here,  
See, we have found our mittens.**



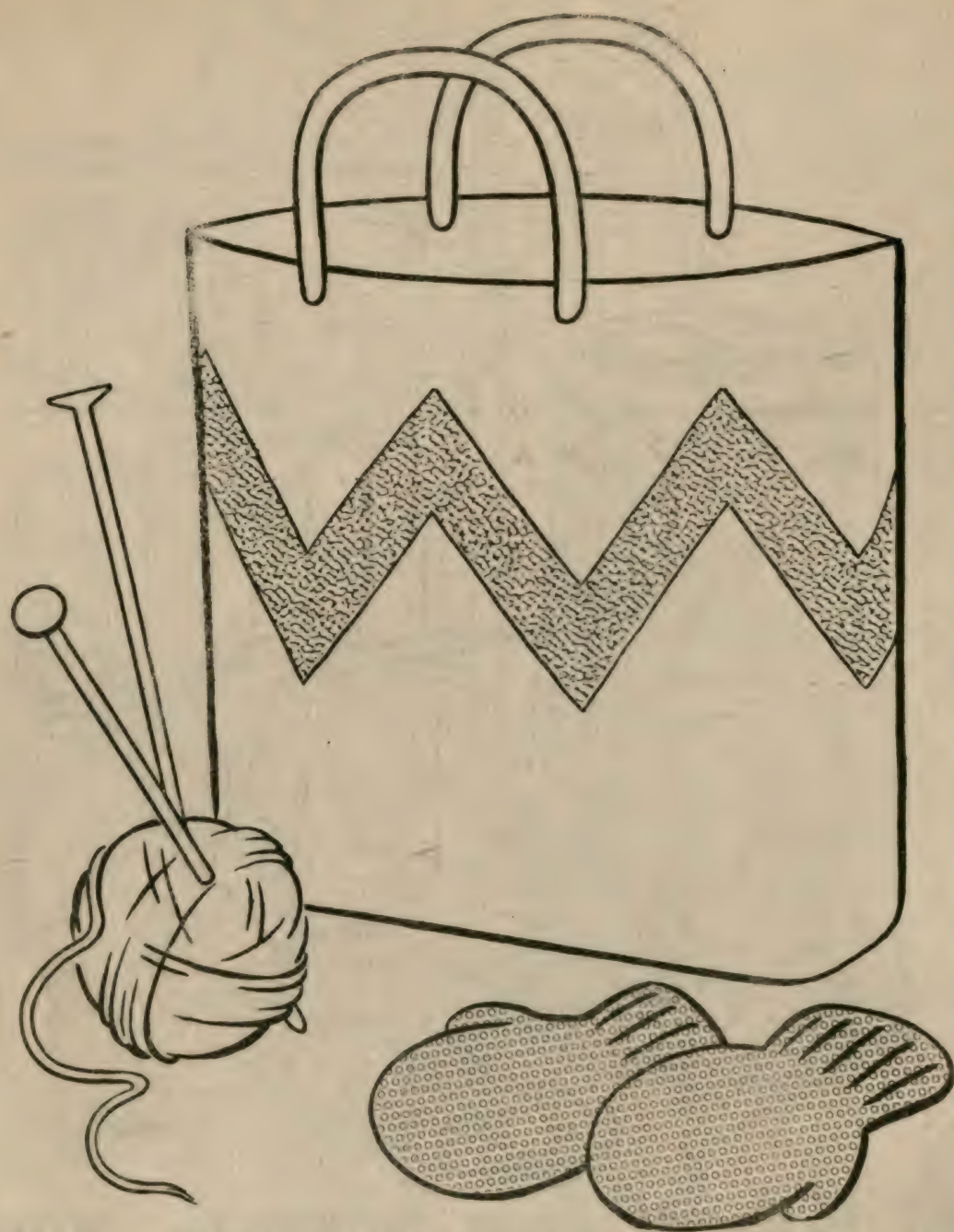
**What! Found your mittens, you little kittens,**

**Then you shall have some pie.**

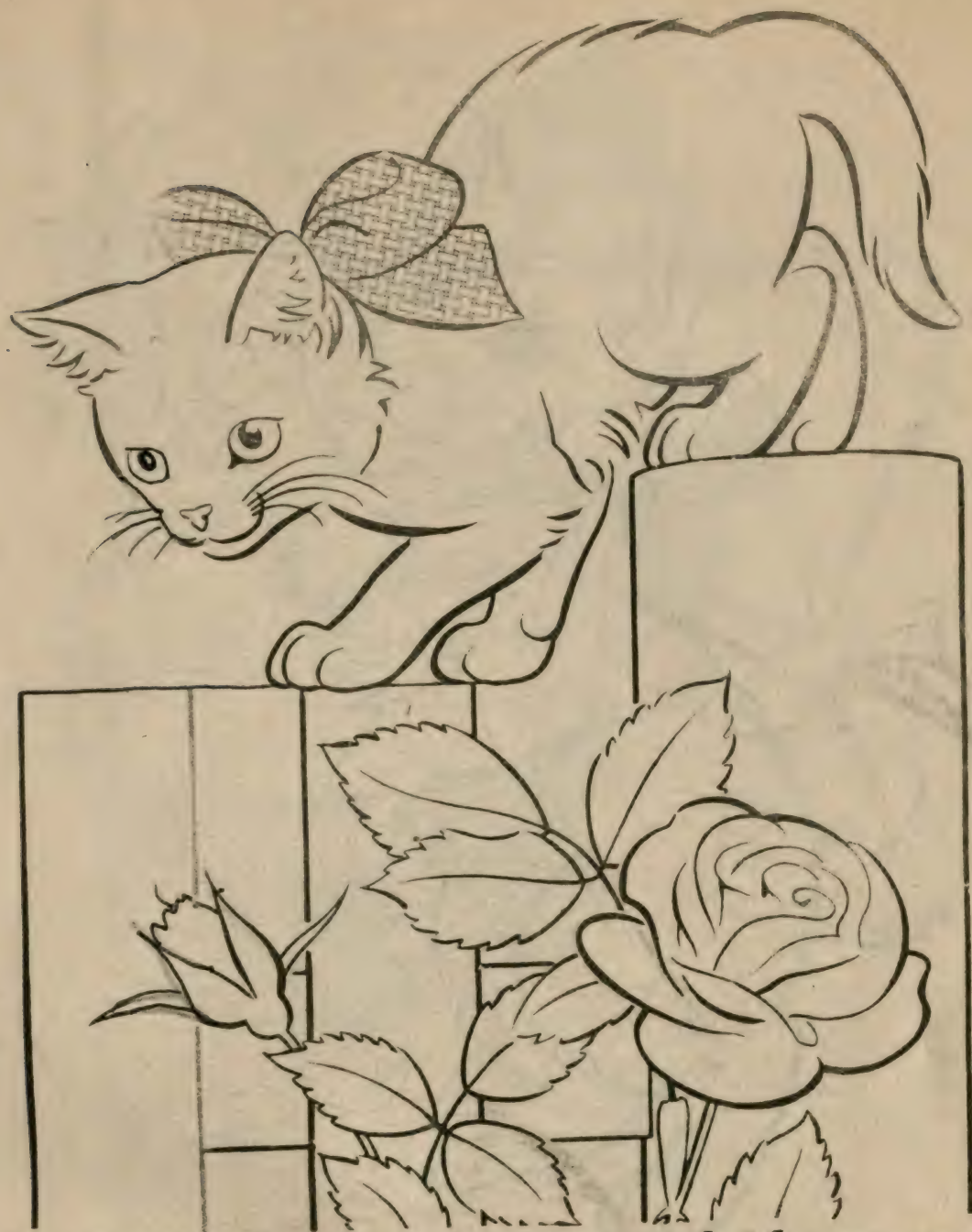
**Purr, purr, purr.**

**Yes, you shall have some pie.**

**Purr, purr, purr.**



**The three little kittens put on their  
mittens,  
And soon ate up the pie,  
Oh! mother dear,  
We greatly fear,  
That we have soiled our mittens.**



**What! Soiled your mittens! You naughty kittens!**

**Then they began to sigh,**

**Miow, miow, miow,**

**Then they began to sigh,**

**Miow, miow, miow**



The three little kittens, they washed their  
mittens,  
And hung them out to dry;  
Oh! mother dear,  
Look here, look here,  
See, we have washed our mittens.



What! Washed your mittens,  
you darling kittens,  
But I smell a rat close by,  
Hush, hush, miew, miew,  
We smell a rat close by,  
Miew, miew, miew.

# RAIN



**Rain, rain, go away,  
Come again another day;**



**Little Johnny wants to play.**

# TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig, and away he run,  
The pig was eat,



**And Tom was beat,  
And Tom ran crying down the street.**

**TOM, TOM, THEY BLUE**



**Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!**



**The sheep's in the meadow,**



the cow's in the corn.



**Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?**

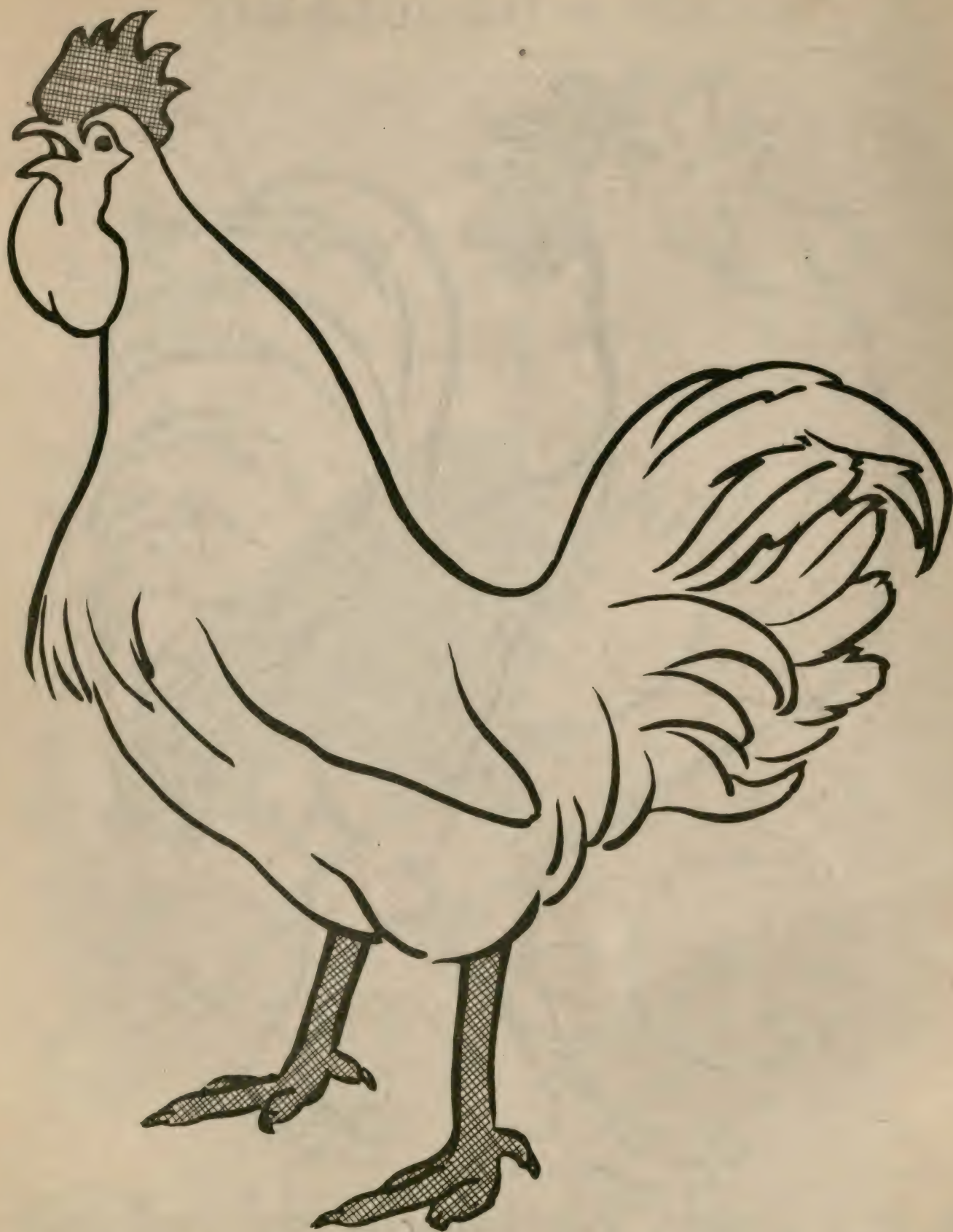


**Under the haystack, fast asleep!  
Will you wake him? No, not I!  
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.**

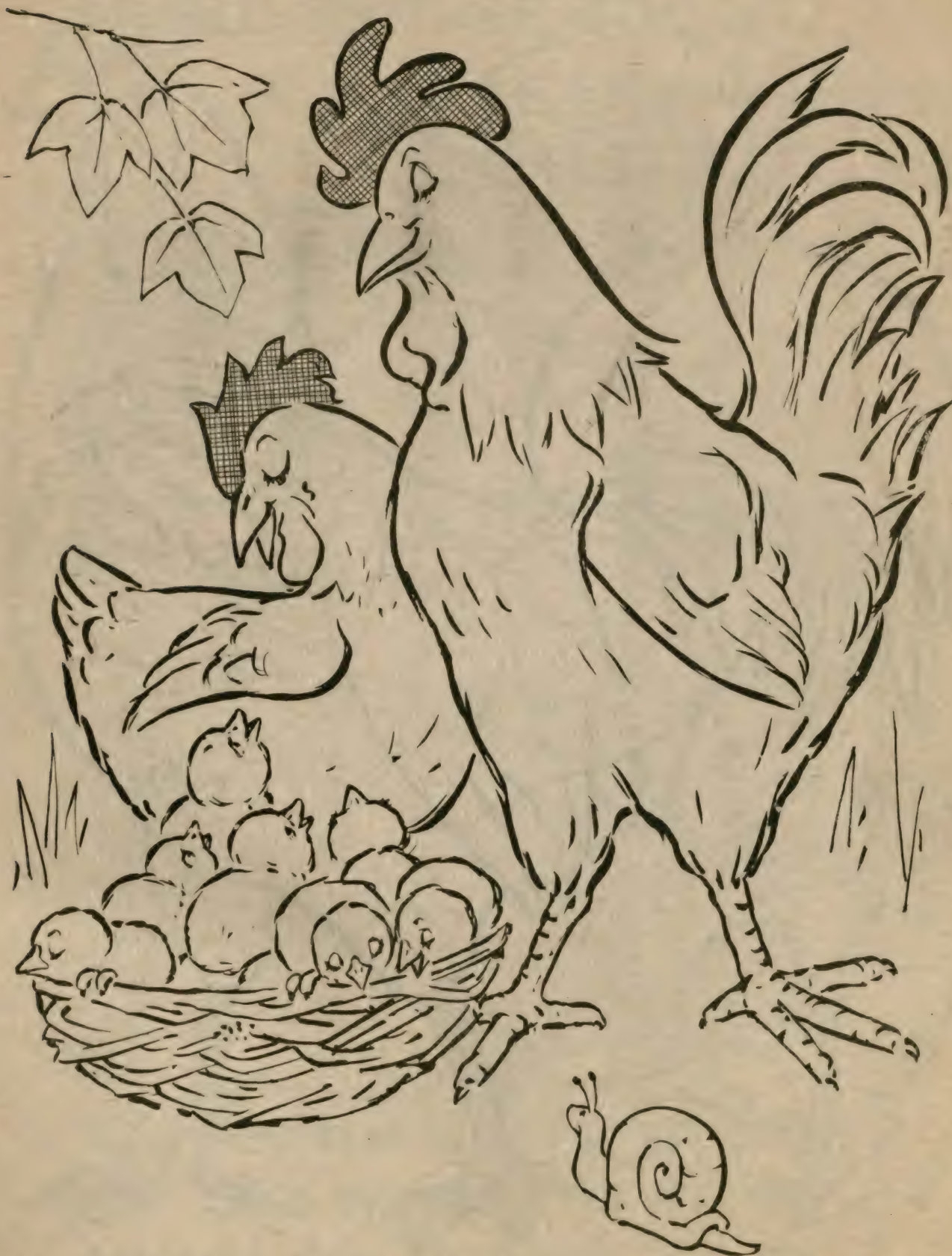
# COCK-A-DOODLE-DO



Oh, my pretty rooster, oh, my handsome rooster,



**I pray you, do not crow before day,**



**And your comb shall be made of the very  
beaten gold,**



**And your wings of the silver so gray.**

# OLD MOTHER GOOSE



Old Mother Goose, when  
She wanted to wander,  
Would ride through the air  
On a very fine gander.

# LITTLE BO-PEEP



Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,



**And can't tell where to find them;**



**Leave them alone,**



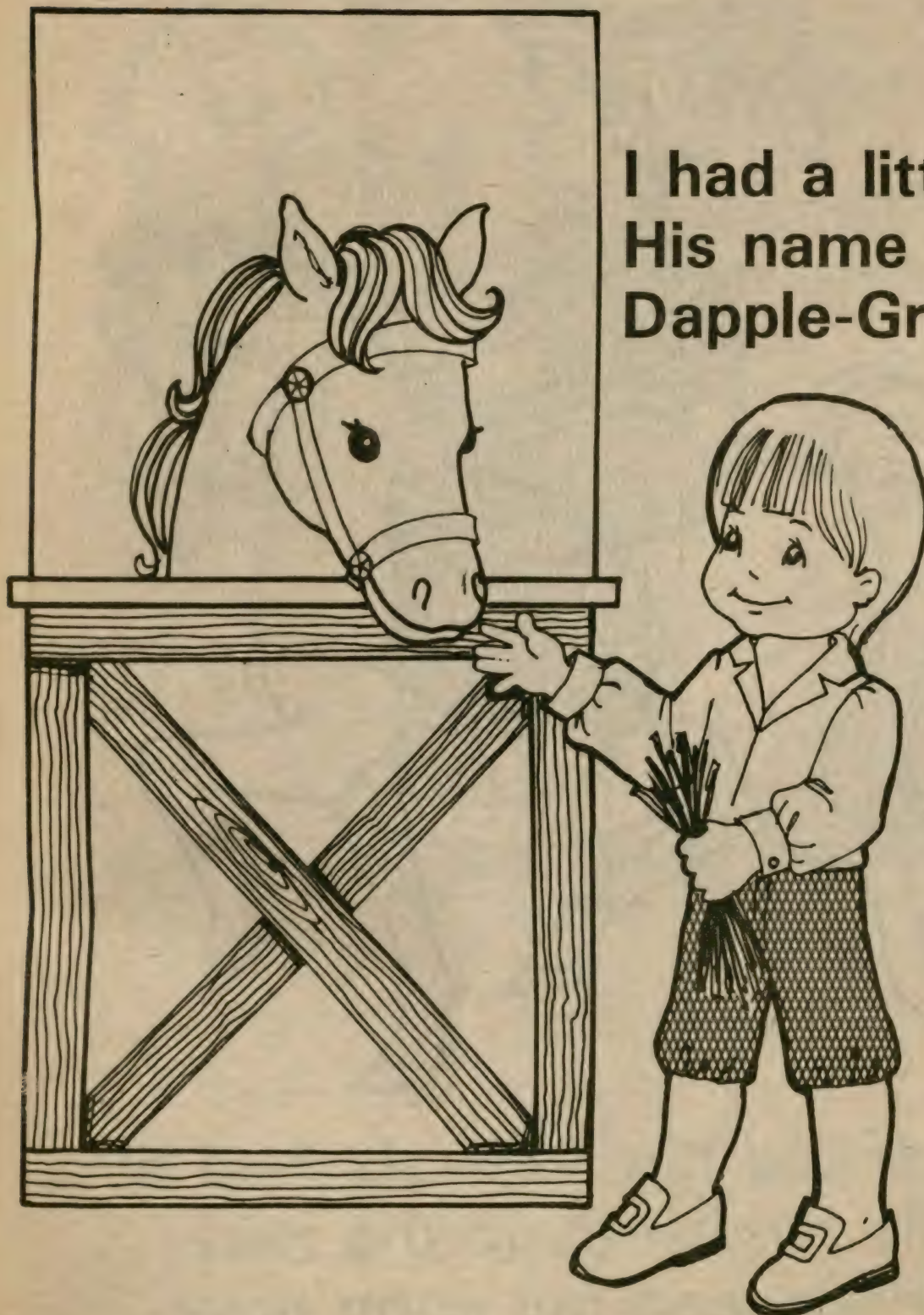
**and they'll come home,**



**Bringing their tails behind them.**

# DAPPLE-GRAY

I had a little pony,  
His name was  
Dapple-Gray,



I lent him to a lady,  
To ride a mile away.



She whipped him, she slashed him,  
She rode him through the mire;  
I would not lend my pony now  
For all the lady's hire.

# SOLOMON GRUNDY



**Solomon Grundy,  
Born on Monday,**

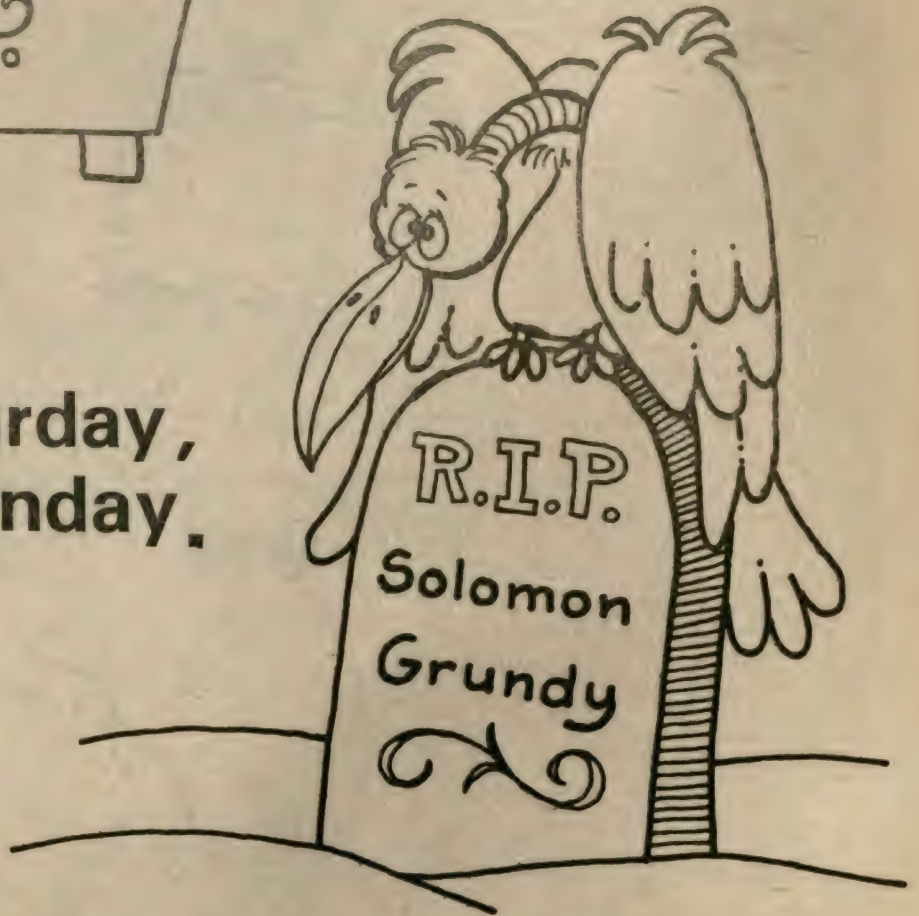


**Christened on Tuesday,  
Married on Wednesday,**



**Took ill on Thursday,  
Worse on Friday,**

**Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday.**



**This is the end  
of Solomon Grundy.**

# YANKEE DOODLE

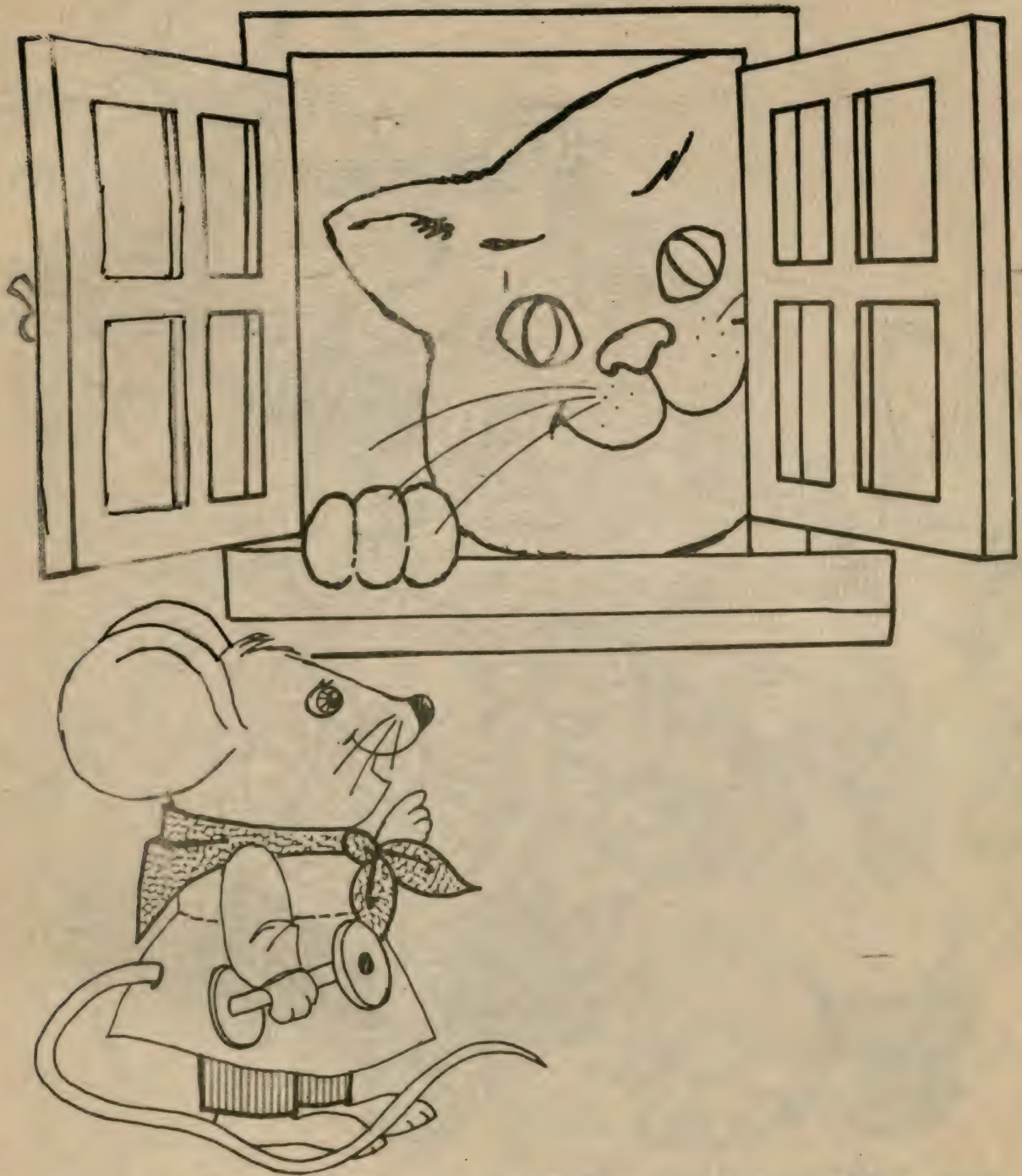


Yankee Doodle came to town,  
Riding on a pony;

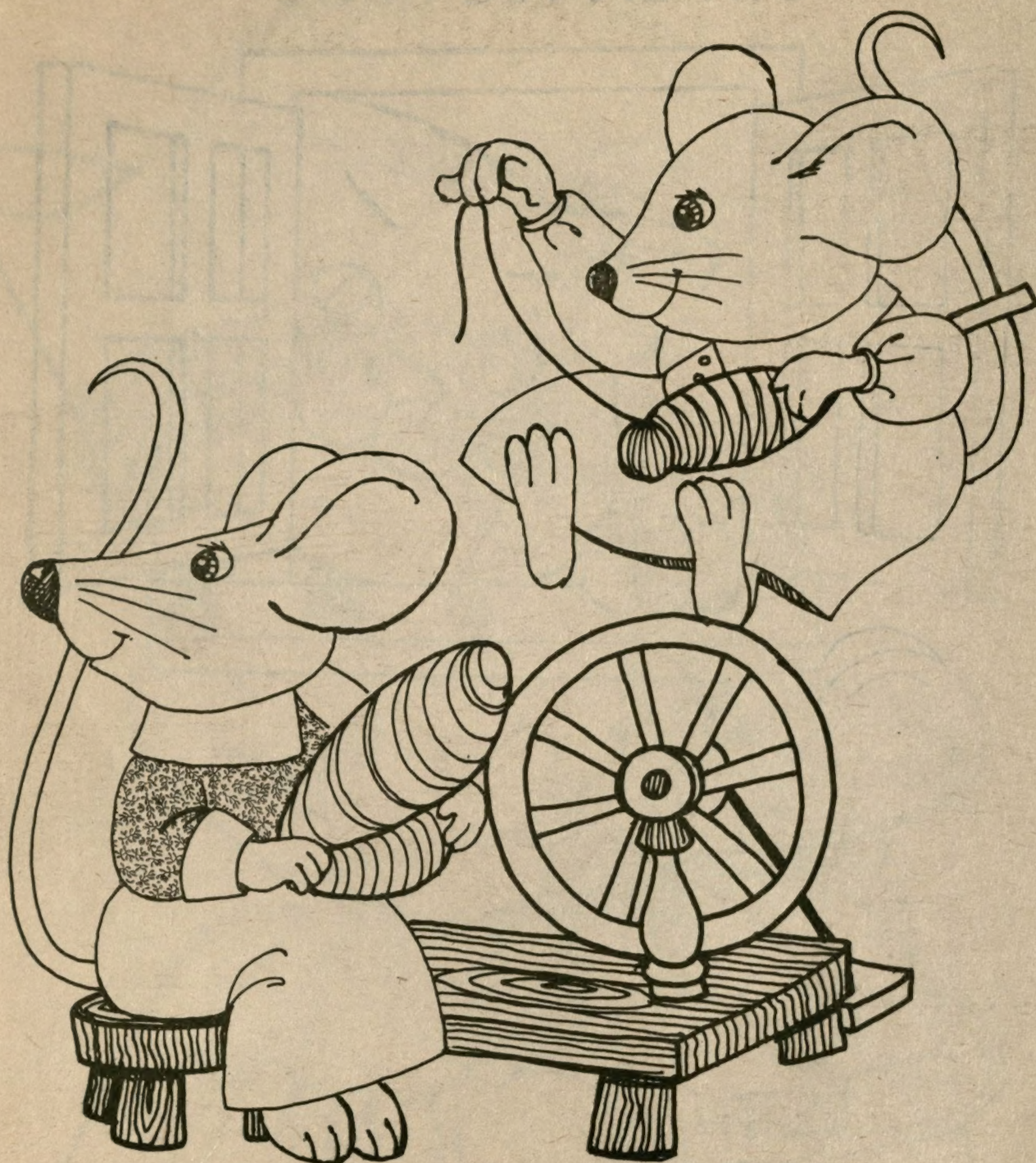


He stuck a feather in his cap,  
And called it macaroni.

# SIX LITTLE MICE



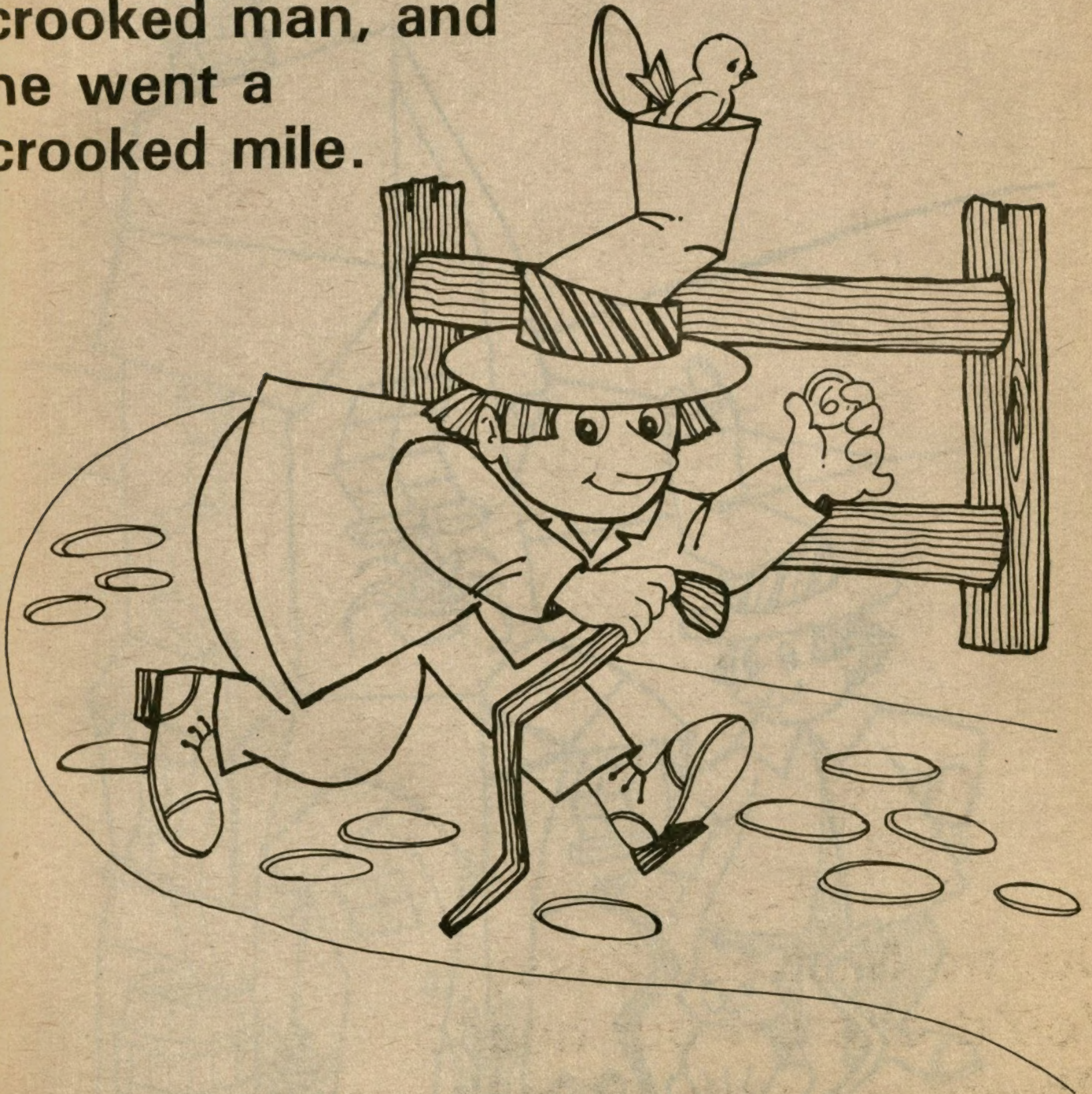
Six little mice sat down to spin;  
Pussy passed by and she peeped in.  
What are you doing, my little men?  
Weaving coats for gentlemen.



**No, no Mistress Pussy,  
You'd bite off our heads.  
Oh, no, I'll not; I'll help you to spin.  
That may be so, but you don't come in!**

# THE CROOKED MAN

There was a  
crooked man, and  
he went a  
crooked mile.



He found a crooked sixpence  
against a crooked stile;

He bought a crooked cat,  
which caught a crooked mouse  
And they all lived together  
in a little crooked house.

